

KUT RELIEF FORCE DEFEATS TURKS AND MAKES AN ADVANCE

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Halfpenny.

MEN WHO MURDER BABIES IN THE NIGHT: HUN OFFICER WHO THINKS IT IS "A GREAT WORK."



Warrant officer who, before the war, served on a coasting steamer plying between Hamburg and east coast ports.



A leading mechanic whose duty it was to tend the engines.



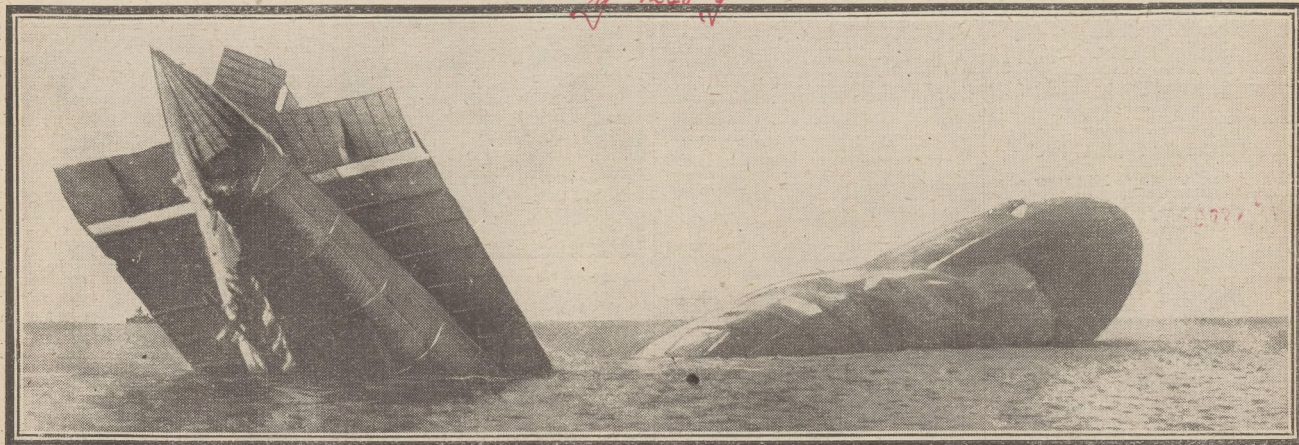
Warrant officer who had been to the United States and spoke English well. His work was navigation.



Ober-Leutnant Kuhne, second in command, who was in England just before war broke out.



Captain Breithaupt, wearing the ribbon of the Order Pour la Merite and the Iron Cross. He has taken part in three raids on England.



The wrecked Zeppelin lying on the water with her back broken. She was taken in tow, but sank before she could be docked.

A remarkable fact about the prisoners taken from the wrecked Zeppelin L15 is their knowledge of England and the English language. Ober-Leutnant Kuhne, for instance, spent some time in a London suburb just before the war, and has a sister living in

this country. On a neutral journalist who visited him after capture he made anything but a favourable impression. He was described as a cynical person who seemed to think it great work to frighten women and children.—(Official photographs.)



# LORD DERBY POINTS TO ONLY ROAD LEADING TO GENERAL COMPULSION

**Military Necessities Will Alone Decide the Issue.**

## "WHY I DO NOT RESIGN."

**Chief Recruiter Speaks of "Certain Bitterness of Soul."**

"If universal service is to come in this country, it must be approached through only one standpoint, and that is the military necessities of the nation. It cannot be imposed as compulsion for compulsion sake."

Thus spoke Lord Derby in a very candid speech which he made yesterday at the annual meeting of the Municipal Corporations Association.

In reply to an address which was handed to him expressing appreciation of his services during the war, Lord Derby admitted that there were times when a certain bitterness of soul arose, and one wondered whether it was really worth while to do one's duty in face of criticisms levelled at one.

Dealing with the question of recruiting, Lord Derby said:

There is one question I have often been asked, and that is, "How many men, when you started your campaign, did you want to get?" I will tell you.

I always look to the speech of the present Prime Minister in the historic Guildhall when he pledged the country not to sheathe the sword until justice had been done to all those countries whose territory had been invaded.

### EVERY AVAILABLE MAN.

That was the throwing down of the gauntlet to our enemy. It was a challenge of a nation to a nation. It was the challenge, unfortunately, of an unorganised nation to an organised one. That challenge has remained therefore, when people ask me how many men did I want, how many men had I set out to get—I set out to get every available man in this country to do his duty.

I say every available man, because there are three things that are imperative if we are to win this war—men, money, munitions.

There are some people who say, "Why don't you take all the single men—take them all?" I cannot imagine any man being so foolish as to believe that really possible. It would absolutely ruin the industry of the country.

I believed in national service before the war, and the war has not changed my belief. But national service can only come through the people being convinced from the proper standpoint.

There is at the back of the minds of some people the feeling that if I had resigned my position as Director-General of Recruiting, I should have made universal service easier to obtain. I absolutely deny that. If I had left at any time my duty, I should have betrayed my trust.

I believe that this country, knowing Mr. Asquith's pledge, will give him what he wants to redeem that pledge.

That is what is going to be fought out on the floors of the Houses of Parliament.

### - AN IMPORTANT CABINET.

An important meeting of the Cabinet, to which more than ordinary interest attached, was held yesterday afternoon at 10, Downing-street.

The main, if not the only, business before Mr. Asquith and his colleagues was the consideration of the recruiting problem in view of the statement which the Premier will make in the House of Commons next week.

During the last few days the Government have received from the Army Council a statement showing the requirements of the Army in point of numbers.

### SOCIALISTS' "FREE UNION."

Stated to be editor of a Socialist paper called the *Star*, Guy Aldred, of Shepherd's Bush, was remanded to West London yesterday, charged with failing to surrender himself under the Military Service Act.



Guy Aldred.

When arrested he said: "I am a married man. I was married according to the Scottish law, and the woman I claim to be my wife was my housekeeper for eight years. I am also a conscientious objector."

Mr. Scott Duckers, for defendant, contended that the prosecution had to prove that Aldred was a single man. His National Register card was produced, and the magistrate observed that Aldred had described himself as married, but had defined his marriage as "free union"—whatever that might mean.

## BRING BOTHA HERE.

**Well-Known War Writer Urges His Employment in France.**

### SMUTS FOR MESOPOTAMIA.

If ever the British Empire stood in need of geniuses, it stands in need of them to-day.

Of course, they are hard to find. But even when they are found do we make the best possible use of them?

In South Africa to-day we have two generals who have proved themselves strategists of the highest class. Botha is declared by experts to be the finest soldier in the world.

And Smuts is not far behind him.

Yet their amazing abilities are wasted on comparatively trifling campaigns in the Colonies. Why?

Why not bring Botha to Europe and put Smuts in Mesopotamia? This is the remarkable suggestion put forward by that well-known war correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

Botha and Smuts, he confidently believes, could "do the trick."

To-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* is a bumper number. In addition to Mr. Hales' splendid contribution, it contains a stirring message in the Air Service from Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and a vivid article by Mr. F. A. Mackenzie on our Wittenbergs in Germany, showing how the Government could alleviate the lot of the British prisoners in the hands of the Huns.

And then there is Mr. Horatio Bottomley on "That Coming Invasion."

Mr. Bottomley at the very top of his genius.

## FROGS' LEGS EPICURES.

**Why Canadian Officer Could Not Get Delicacy at a Soho Restaurant.**

"I will start with soup, then give me some frogs' legs fried in butter with a touch of garlic," said a stalwart Canadian officer in a Soho restaurant.

"I am sorry, m'sieu," replied the waiter, "but there are no frogs' legs."

"Why, I have been having them for a month past in France!" the officer expostulated.

"Ah, m'sieu, in France, yes; but we have had very few since the early days of the war. They are so delicate they cannot stand the delays of travel nowadays."

The head waiter later explained to *The Daily Mirror* that Canadians, like Americans and French people, are very fond of frogs' legs. "I expect," he said, "British soldiers, too, will have acquired the taste for them in France or in Salonika, where frogs' legs are esteemed and eaten by everybody."

"They are very tender and more delicate of flavour than the youngest chicken."

"Sautéed in a pan or casserole with a tiny bit of garlic, they are a delicious dish in spring."

Canadians like them, too, covered with breadcrumbs, maize meal or flour and fried brown.

"British soldiers will, I think, also acquire a liking for snails. The latter are expensive in London now, being £2 a dozen."

"The snails are delicious when served up with a greenish Burgundy paste."

"The war, I think, will give soldiers a taste for many Continental dishes which once upon a time they called 'foreign kickshaws.'"

## STATE TO CONTROL FOOD PRICES.

"Any practicable steps to protect the interests of consumers by maintaining the supply and restricting the rise of prices of necessities are being taken and will continue to be taken by the Government."

This assurance was given to Mr. Barnes, the Labour leader, by Mr. Pretymann, the Secretary to the Board of Trade.

"Special legislation has been passed to limit prices of coal and rent, but there are many important imported commodities in whose case any artificial restriction of price might have the effect of reducing supply."

## ZEPPELIN RAID FABLES.

Yesterday's Berlin Wireless, sent out for the benefit of neutrals, says:—

Rotterdam reports interesting details supplied by Dutch sailors returned from England about the last Zeppelin raid.

Leith, Hull, Sunderland, Newcastle and Grimsby suffered terribly. In Leith Harbour a British four-masted ship was completely destroyed.

The Tyne Bridge, near Newcastle, was almost entirely destroyed. At Grimsby barracks were devastated, and several hundreds of soldiers were buried under the ruins.

The editor of the Wireless Press adds: "We are grossly exaggerated that the above statements are so grossly exaggerated that it is only just possible to recognise the incident on which they may be founded."

## WAR-TIME EASTER.

**Thousands Who Are Answering the Call of the Sea.**

### "TAKING WATERS" AT HOME.

If the Germans think that their air raids "somewhere on the East Coast," or elsewhere, are going to change the plans of holiday-makers here they will be sadly disillusioned this Easter-tide. "Zeppelinitis" is not worrying anyone.

People recognise that the coast is as safe from Zeppelin attacks—if not safer, because of its more extensive defensive precautions—as inland towns and cities.

The Government's recognition of Saturday, April 22, the Saturday before Easter Sunday, as an additional Bank Holiday is a great boon to hundreds of thousands.

There is daily increasing evidence that very many thousands will flock to the breezy and sunny resorts on the South, South-East, East and West Coasts for healthful respite during the coming week.

An official of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, the tourist agents, told *The Daily Mirror* that at some resorts they are experiencing much difficulty in securing accommodation.

People who two years ago took the waters abroad or visited the Riviera are this Easter taking the waters at Harrogate, Bath and Mallock.

## NO KID-GLOVE FIGHT.

**"K. J." Means to Make Wimbledon Contest a Strenuous One.**

Wimbledon is waking up.

There is every sign that the borough is looking forward with the keenest enjoyment to the coming fight.

Yesterday was nomination day. Mr. Kennedy Jones, the Independent candidate, was the first to arrive, and he handed in four papers.

The Coalition candidate, Sir Stuart Coats, put in an appearance about half an hour later.

Each day the prospect of the Independent candidate improves steadily.

In the course of a conversation with *The Daily Mirror*, Mr. Kennedy Jones said: "This war is a fight for existence, and it is no good fighting it with kid gloves."

"I am in favour of the interment of every German in this country—naturalised or not naturalised."

Mr. Kennedy Jones will have a strenuous week-end.

There will be no fewer than five meetings to-day, all of which will be addressed by the Independent candidate.

At noon there will be an open-air meeting at the Gasworks, Weston-road, Mitcham. At three o'clock a meeting will be held at the Fountain, Purley, and, an hour later, another meeting outside the Wimbledon Town Hall.

The evening meetings are at the Lower Mitcham County Schools, Merton, and the Queen's Hall, Wimbledon.

A mass meeting has been arranged at the Wimbledon Theatre to-morrow night. It will be addressed by Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., and Mr. Arnold White.

## INTERESTING MILITARY WEDDING.

Lieutenant-Colonel P. D. Hamilton (Royal Garrison Artillery) was married yesterday to Miss Diana Sweeting. The photograph was taken as the newly-married couple were leaving the church.



## PRISON FOR 'SNAPPING' STEELWORKS

A youth of seventeen named Caspar Fischer, who, though born in Britain, is of German parentage, was yesterday sentenced at Middlesbrough to six months in the second division for taking photographs at a local steelworks, where he was employed as a locomotive fireman.

A comrade, it was stated, had warned him that he ran serious risk in taking the camera on the works. He had also caused trouble by remarking that "the Germans are as good and better than any Englishman."

## WOMEN'S BOUQUETS FOR ROYALTY.

**The Queen and Queen Alexandra at Drury Lane.**

### NEW BARRIE PLAY.

Three women munition workers presented bouquets to the Queen, Queen Alexandra and Princess Mary when the royal party attended a matinée at Drury Lane yesterday. Prince Henry and Prince George also accompanied the Queen.

Miss Olga Nethersole had organised the performance in aid of the appeal made by the Young Women's Christian Association for the maintenance of young housewives which the matinée at Drury Lane yesterday. Prince Henry and Prince George also accompanied the Queen.

There was a wonderful audience, but it must have been a little puzzled by a new surprise play by Sir James Barrie. This is called "Shakespeare's Legacy," and no doubt the author's followers will speak and write in glowing terms of its tender whimsical humour. They always do.

Plain people must be content to be puzzled when Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots suddenly appear in a young honeymoon couple's parlour and say nasty things to each other in a manner not altogether unfamiliar to music-hall "cross-talk" comedians.

There were some references to Miss Gladys Cooper and other stage actresses which the audience enjoyed, but the "Be Good" beauty treatment for women, which appears to be the central theme of the latest little Barrie play, left them somewhat mystified.

Miss Lily Elsie forgot her Scotch accent at the outset of matters, but discovered it later. Mr. Gerald du Maurier was himself. So all was well. Mr. Lloyd George was among those who gave a great reception to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

## FOUGHT HUNS WITH FISTS.

**Heroic Deeds of Officers and Men—Brave Stone-Thrower.**

Thrilling deeds of British officers and men in the firing lines are briefly described in the latest official list of D.S.O.s and D.C.M.s issued to-day.

Here are some of the heroes who have been awarded the Distinguished Service Order:—

Captain John Macrae, 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who took command of his battalion at a critical moment when all the senior officers had become casualties, and by his coolness and energy saved a critical situation.

At one time in the darkness he fell into the hands of the enemy, but escaped by the use of his fists.

Captain A. M. Slingsby, 56th Punjabi Rifles, who led a party of his battalion which maintained itself with great determination for hours within a few yards of the enemy's trenches.

When his commanding officer fell he commanded the battalion, and, on being ordered to break off the engagement, went back under heavy fire to make sure there was no mistake, and then, returning, skillfully withdrew his men.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal has been awarded to the following gallant soldiers:—

Corporal W. Cronan, 137th Tunnelling Company, Royal Engineers, who went down a mine to effect a rescue, and became himself entombed, but, organising the work inside and working himself for seventeen hours, made a way out and the party inside rescued.

Private F. Warren, 8th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), for good bombing work.

On one occasion, his bombs being exhausted, Private Warren stood on the parapet throwing stones, and only desisted after being twice wounded.

## FOUR HUN PRISONERS AT LIBERTY.

Four German soldiers, none of whom speak English, have escaped from Frangshank Camp, Merionethshire, and their descriptions are:—Julius Bernard Koch, 5ft. 3in.; clean shaven; brown hair; eyes blue; fresh complexion; dressed in German uniform.

Heinrich Brinkmann, 5ft. 9½in.; fair hair, imperial beard, blue eyes, fresh complexion; dressed in brown corduroy trousers, German uniform jacket and greatcoat.

Hans Schaeffer, 5ft. 7½in.; brown hair, clean shaven, grey eyes, pale complexion.

Wilhelm Arenkens, 5ft. 11½in.; hair and moustache brown, grey eyes, fresh complexion; wears glasses.

## CHEAP HOME-MADE BREAD.

How to make bread at 1s. 2d. per 1lb.—10d. cheaper than buying it—was explained by Mr. Eustace Miles yesterday.

The ingredients are:—6½lb. of flour, 1½lb. of potatoes, four tablespoonsful of nut oil, 2oz. of yeast and two and a half pints of water.

THAT COMING INVASION: BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, IN TO-MORROW'S 'SUNDAY PICTORIAL'



# BRITISH GAIN OF 1½ TO 3 MILES ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE TIGRIS

**Our Troops Cross Deep Cuts  
1,200 Yards Wide.**

## TURKS FLOODED OUT.

**Germans Make a Small Attack  
South of Douaumont.**

## KAISER'S PEACE IDEA.

There was good news yesterday from the Tigris force which is fighting to reach Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend has been beleaguered for 134 days.

### GOOD BRITISH ADVANCE.

General Lake reports that on April 12 our forces on the south bank of the Tigris forced back the enemy's advanced line over a distance varying from one and a half to three miles.

Floods drove the Turks from some of the trenches at Sanna-i-Yat, on the north bank, and they were heavily punished as they took refuge in new position.

### HUNS' EYES ON HILL 304.

Are the Germans preparing to make another big onslaught for Verdun by attempting the capture of Hill 304? After the continuous shelling of the hill in question, previously reported, yesterday's French official records a violent bombardment of their first lines west of the hill.

### KAISER'S LATEST FICTION.

In order to spur his flagging troops to still greater effort, the Kaiser has sent them this message: "In 1871 the Treaty of Peace was signed in Paris. Go forward, beloved soldiers. This time it is the end. The treaty will be signed in Verdun."

## GUNS STILL ACTIVE IN DEAD MAN REGION.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—To-night's official statement says:—

In the Argonne our batteries were active in the region of St Hubert, where some German works were damaged, and also on the enemy roads and approaches in the Montfaucou-Malan-cour region.

West of the Meuse, during the day both batteries were active in the Mort Homme (Dead Man) region.

On the east there was a bombardment of our second lines.

In the Woëvre there were some artillery tangles.

West of Pont-a-Mousson we dispersed some convoys on the Essey-Monsard road.

There is no important event to report on the rest of the front.—Central News.

## GERMANS MAGNETISED BY HILL 304.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—The following communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

On the left bank of the Meuse in the course of the night there was a violent bombardment of our first lines, west of Hill 304.

On the right bank the enemy at the end of yesterday evening launched upon our positions south of Douaumont a small attack, which was completely repulsed.

The night was comparatively calm except for a somewhat lively bombardment from the region south of Haudromont.

In the Woëvre there was an artillery duel in the sector of Moulainville.—Reuter.

## 11,000FT. HEIGHT CARRIED BY THE ITALIANS.

### (ITALIAN OFFICIAL.)

ROME, Friday.—The official communiqué issued this evening states:—

In the Adamello zone during the day of the 11th some bold detachments of ours, whilst a great storm was in progress, attacked the enemy positions on the rocky crest of the Lobbia and Rosson at an altitude of more than 11,000ft.

By the evening of the 12th the positions had been completely cleared and were forthwith consolidated.—Central News.

## TURKS HEAVILY PUNISHED IN FLOOD RETREAT.

PRESS BUREAU, Friday, 2.25 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—  
MESOPOTAMIA.—General Lake reports that on the afternoon of April 12 our forces on the right (south) bank of the Tigris forced back the enemy's advanced lines over a distance varying from one and a half to three miles.

In order to do so they had to cross an inundated belt, intersected by deep cuts from 500 to 1,200 yards wide, extending from the Tigris to the Umm-el-Brahm Marsh.

On the left bank the water from the marshes was driven by the north-west gale into some of the enemy's trenches at Sanna-i-Yat.

The enemy were heavily punished as they took refuge from the flood in new position.

### "BRITISH EXTENDING THEIR FORTIFICATIONS."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The following Turkish official communiqué has been received here from Constantinople:—

IRAQ FRONT (Mesopotamia).—No change is reported. The enemy is engaged in extending his fortifications.

The British dead, numbering 3,000 killed in the battle fought on this front on April 7, belonged, according to their uniforms, to Kitchener's 13th Division, and chiefly to two brigades of that division.

In this battle, which, as we have already reported, ended favourably for us, we had seventy-five killed, 168 wounded and nine missing.—Reuter.

[Note. It will be recalled that Sir Percy Lake has stated in regard to this Turkish tale of "3,000 British dead" that our total casualties in dead and wounded were much below that figure.]

## HOW THE FRENCH COUNTER HUN GAS ATTACKS.

**Germans' Pick-Me-Ups—Cloaked Huns  
Meet Death at Dawn.**

### (From W. L. McALPIN.)

PARIS, Friday.—The reason why the noxious vapours projected by the Germans into the French lines at Verdun fail largely in their object is because the pollus have found a simple and effective method of countering them.

As soon as the Huns let loose poisonous gases men on the lookout raise instruments.

This is the signal for everyone to don his mask, which, with a wad of cotton-wool steeped in chemical preparation, is carried by every soldier in a special case.

Another device for combating these savage practices is to light bonfires of straw and twigs, which set up a current and neutralises the effects of the poison clouds.

### RUINED FORESTS.

Owing to the frequent use by the Germans of asphyxiating vapours all the trees in the vicinity of the French trenches are stained a reddish purple, which gives them from the distance an appearance of being on fire.

Whole forests are completely ruined and will have to be restocked.

Either is apparently no longer used to dope German soldiers. On prisoners recently taken by the French have been found phials containing a new concoction—a sort of kola wine mixed with violent stimulants.

This new pick-me-up has been adopted owing to the dislike of many German soldiers for ether.

You can never take too many precautions against the wily Hun. A few days ago as day was breaking a number of Boches approached the French lines near Vaux, apparently unarmed.

### SUSPICIONS AROUSED.

They were wearing heavy cloaks and came along slowly in groups of twenty or thirty, as if to surrender.

The suspicions of the French officer in command were aroused, and he ordered his men to give them a volley. Machine-guns joined in and half the Germans fell.

The remainder fled back to their lines. When it was dark a French patrol went out to search the bodies. Every one of the dead Huns had his pockets filled with grenades.

## BRITISH DAMAGE ENEMY POSITION WITH MINES.

**German Front Line Trenches Near  
Lens Raided During Night.**

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, France, Friday, 10.23 p.m.—By exploding mines east of Vermelles yesterday evening we did considerable damage to the enemy's position and drew heavy but ineffectual artillery reply.

Early this morning our artillery carried out a successful bombardment in the neighbourhood of Souchez.

During the night a small party raided the German front line trenches north-west of Lens and killed some of the occupants before withdrawing on completion of their mission.

## FOE SAY THEY STOPPED FRENCH ATTACKS.

**Our Ally's Onslaughts Checked by  
Artillery Fire.**

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

Apart from occasional lively artillery duels in the region of the Meuse there is nothing of importance to report.

Enemy attempts to attack on the left bank of the Meuse were arrested by our artillery fire as the attacking parties left their trenches.

Eastern Theatre of War (Army or Group of General Field-Marshal von Hindenburg).—

Minor enemy advances in the region of Garbunovka, north-west of Dvinsk and south of the Narocz Lake were repulsed with sanguinary losses.

Expeditions of Russian detachments against the position on the Serwetsch, north of Zirn, held by the army group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria were similarly unsuccessful.

Balkan Theatre of War.—East of the Vardar the enemy yesterday displayed at intervals considerable artillery activity.

During Wednesday night enemy airmen dropped bombs without causing any damage on Ghegeli and Bogorodica, east of Ghegeli.—Wireless Press.

## CAPTAIN WHO FOUGHT HUNS WITH HIS FISTS.

**Heroic Deeds of Officers and  
Men Awarded Medals.**

## BRAVE STONE-THROWER.

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At one time in the darkness he fell into the hands of the enemy, but escaped by the use of his fists.

Captain Eric Mackay Murray (Royal Flying Corps), who has flown continuously in all weathers and carried out many daring reconnaissances with great skill.

Captain the Honourable Roland E. Philipps, 9th Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who, although wounded severely, kept his men well in hand, himself killing four of the enemy with his revolver.

He stuck to his post and repelled three attacks. Captain A. M. Slingsby, 56th Punjabi Rifles, who led a party of his battalion which maintained itself with great determination for hours within a few yards of the enemy's trenches.

When his commanding officer fell he commanded the battalion, and, on being ordered to break off the engagement, went back under heavy fire to make sure there was no mistake, and then, returning, skillfully withdrew his men.

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Private F. Batt, 8th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), for good bombing work.

On one occasion, his bombs being exhausted, Private Warren stood on the parapet throwing stones, and only desisted after being twice wounded.

## DEMOCRACY OF AMERICA IS READY FOR WAR.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—While reports are current that the German Ambassador will be given his passports within the next forty-eight hours, no official confirmation of the report can be obtained.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—The Cabinet has approved of President Wilson's Note to Germany.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—President Wilson, speaking at a banquet of Democrats from all parts of the country to-night, said that he prayed that the United States would not be drawn into a quarrel which was not of its own choosing, but he asked if the people were ready to go in where the interests of America were coincident with the interests of humanity, and if they would have the courage to withdraw where the interests of humanity were conserved.

The President was interrupted with cheers and shouts of "Yes."

In the course of his speech the President mentioned the European war and the Mexican question, without intimating what his plan were for dealing with either of the two problems confronting the United States.—Reuter.

## HUN PIRATES GLOAT OVER SINKING OF 80 SHIPS.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—A Berlin official telegram asserts that eighty enemy merchantmen, of a total of 307,000 tons, were sunk by German submarines or by mines during the month of March.—Reuter.

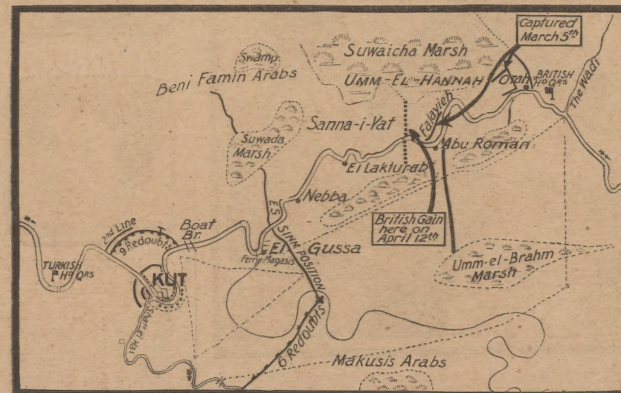
Sixteen of the crew of a London steamer which was torpedoed were picked up by a steamer and landed yesterday.

A Lloyd's message from Queenstown states: part of the crew of the steamer Chic, of London, have been landed by the steamer Glengarrig.

The crew of the steamer Smeaton, of Whitby, which was torpedoed, have been landed and sent to their homes. The steamer was unarmed.

The steamer Ellaston, of Glasgow, another unarmed vessel, has been submerged.

A Lloyd's telegram from Barcelona says the steamers Angus, of Dundee, and Orlock Head, of Belfast, were torpedoed and sunk yesterday.



Map illustrating new British advance on Kut.



## MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.



If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Avoid substitutes. (Adv't.)

## BRITAIN'S BEST CHINA BARGAIN



10/6 ONLY 10/6

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This beautiful Table Service, complete for 12 persons, in charming Festoon Design and rich Gold Finish. Securely Packed to any address for 10s. Dinner Service to match 15s. Splendid quality. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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**THE CENTURY POTTERY**  
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## 1/- HAUNTED ROYALTIES.

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## BRINGING HOME THE LOOT.



Austrian troops unloading truck-loads of goods they have stolen during the winter.

## MISSING MEN.



Private W. W. Miller, who is missing. Write to 8, Stanley-road, Tottenham.



Private V. J. Brookes, British Mediterranean Force, who is missing.



Sergeant D. W. Buckingham, reported wounded and missing at the Dardanelles.

## BALANCING A HORSE.



When this soldier has raised the horse to a certain height by gripping his fetlock he can balance the animal with one hand.

## GIRL FARM WORKER OF 17.



Miss Richardson, aged seventeen, who is working on Lord Hood's model farm at Barton-Seagrave. She is seen in her serviceable working dress.

## AIR WEDDING.



Air Mechanic W. Figgins.



Miss D. E. Lyon.

Air Mechanic W. Figgins is at present in France, but has special leave for his wedding to Miss Lyon, who is the daughter of Mr. W. T. Lyon, of The Cloisters, Temple. The ceremony is fixed for next week.

## FREE ADVICE TO ALL SUFFERERS OF ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND CATARRH.

How to Successfully Treat these Ailments.

IT CURED 40 YEARS AGO.

To cure Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh, which are so prevalent at the present time, a famous doctor has come forward with a generous offer and advice free.

It is a treatment discovered by the Doctor himself—Dr. B. W. Hair, M.D.—and by which he had first cured himself of the most stubborn and unyielding form of Asthma—that has been the means of bringing health and breathing-freedom to thousands of men and women who formerly suffered years of martyrdom from the ravages of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

**THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN.**  
Sir Morell Mackenzie, who endorsed this treatment.

OLD-TIME REMEDIAL MEASURES SUPERSEDED.

It was Dr. Hair who first discovered the utility of powders, inhalants, cigarettes, etc., when applied to the breathing areas—such as the labyrinthine passages through which the air is warmed and filtered on its way to the lungs—which these so-called remedies obviously cannot reach.

Further, it was Dr. Hair who found that the origin of Asthma lies in a morbid condition of the nerve centres controlling the bronchial tubes—a condition which cannot be cured by merely local applications. Finally, it was Dr. Hair who discovered the method of remedying this condition and thereby curing the trouble at its very source.

You are now enabled to prove the value of this method for yourself.

Dr. Hair has explained his treatment in a most valuable treatise which should be in the hands of everyone troubled with these distressing complaints.

Arrangements have now been made by which every sufferer can have a copy of this valuable work, gratis and post free.

**THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.**  
The success of the method described in this treatise is testified by a long line of distinguished authorities.

Among these may be mentioned the famous Royal Physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and Professor G. J. Allman, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., who writes:—"I have been using the treatment with marked success."

## IT CURES TO-DAY.

25, Gausse-street, Paisley, Scotland.  
Feb. 2, 1916.

Dear Sir,—I feel I cannot thank you too much for the good your Asthma Cure has done me. I have suffered from Asthma for nearly 19 years and have spent a small fortune in so-called Asthma Cures, but of no use.

Since taking your cure, which I can safely say it is, I can go to bed quite content, as I have never had a touch of asthma since, and I have suffered to such an extent that I had to be carried up and down stairs. If this testimonial is of any good you can use it with pleasure. Will highly recommend Dr. Hair's A.C. to all sufferers I know—I am, yours gratefully, Mrs. May Wap.

However distressing your cough—even though it may be racking your body through and through, causing you to struggle and choke for breath—Dr. Hair's treatment brings prompt relief.

It calms the agitated nerve-centres. It clears the breath passages. It banishes the choking paroxysms. It relieves the congestion.

## GOES STRAIGHT TO THE CAUSE.

And it does this because it goes straight as an arrow to the cause of the ailment, and by removing the morbid condition which is the origin of the whole trouble it cures your Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh, not temporarily but for ever.

## HOW TO OBTAIN THIS FREE TREATISE.

In order that no mistake shall be made a coupon is printed below, and by filling this up and posting it to-day to the address below, a copy of the English edition of Dr. Hair's famous book will be sent you within 48 hours gratis and post free.

## PRICES.

"Asthma Cure," 3s., large size 5s.  
"Catarrh Cure Pills," 3s., ditto 5s.  
"Bronchial Cough Remedy," 3s., large size 5s.  
These can be obtained at all chemists and in the United Kingdom, or direct post free, from Dr. B. W. Hair and Son (Dept. 11 E), 93 and 91, High Holborn, W.C.

## CUT HERE.

**FREE ADVICE FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND CATARRH SUFFERERS.**

To Dr. B. W. HAIR and SON (Dept 11E), 93-91, High Holborn, W.C.  
I would like to receive gratis and post free, a copy of Dr. Hair's famous Guide for curing Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. My trouble is

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss or title) .....

Address .....

"Daily Mirror" 15/4/16.



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

## DOING WITHOUT.

WE knew no man more entirely dependent on others, before the war. For example:

He always had his clothes brushed and put ready for him, morning and evening. His dress clothes were laid out for him on the bed. His man shaved him every day. He walked nowhere. He took cabs everywhere. He used messengers to send parcels and letters. He dictated his private letters.

These were only a few of his indulgences, so to call them. A nice chap. A clever fellow. But, for his motto, mainly this—"Never do anything you can get anyone else to do for you." He is now past military age.

The other day we met him at the office of the Fund where he does war work. He was carrying that looked like a bale of cotton up the stairs.

"Good heavens, old chap, has it come to this? But why don't you let the boy scouts do it?"

"I believe in doing things for myself."

"I've called to take you to lunch."

"Thanks, I've learnt to do without lunch."

"Don't you ever eat anything at all?"

"I have sandwiches here."

"Oh, come along—for once."

He came; but we think it was for the purpose of converting us.

For he began to explain, going downstairs, that the way for the country to save is simply for the country to do without. He summed it up: "We must give up everything. And what we don't give up we must do for ourselves."

"What sort of thing must we do for ourselves? Must we shave ourselves?"

"That—of course. But other things. Now letters. There's a shortage of post-men."

"So we must give up writing letters?—quite right."

"No—we must carry them ourselves. Not only post them—but take them."

"Look here, if you think that when I write to Birmingham I'm going to take my own letter to Birmingham."

He was too closely absorbed to listen. He was going on. "Clothes—washing: let us do our own washing. I've learnt to cook—always cook my own breakfast. All cooks wanted for the Army. I make my own bed. Housemaids for munitions. I dig my own garden. Gardeners at the front. I drive my own car. Or I walk. I shave myself."

"Cut your own hair?"

It looked ragged. His remarks annoyed us. A craze. Going too far. A mania.

But a sound principle. Sense in it. Some good suggestions. Shaving, for example. Let us begin with that.

But then the elderly barbers will complain!

W. M.

## THE CHURCH-TOWER.

In love with home, I rove tired eyed  
The rainy North; but there  
The distant hill-top in its pride,  
Adorn'd the brilliant air;

And as I passed from Tavistock,  
The scatter'd dwellings white,  
The church, the golden weather-cock  
Wee'd in d'azy light;

Dark rocks shone forth with yellow blooms;  
And, over orchard walls,  
Gleam'd congregated apple-blossoms,  
In white and ruddy balls;

The children did the good sun greet,  
With song and senseless shout,  
The lambs did skip, their dams did bleat,  
In Tavy leapt the trout;

Across the fleeting eastern cloud,  
The splendid rainbow sprang,  
And larks, invisible and loud,  
Within its zenith sang.

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

## A VISIT TO LLOYD'S IN TIME OF WAR.

### HOW OUR MERCANTILE MARINE IS WATCHED OVER.

By CHARLES P. SISLEY.

THE only way to gain an accurate idea of the effect war has had on our vast shipping interests is to visit Lloyd's.

As the recognised body for transacting the insurance of our mercantile marine and for collecting information as to shipping movements all over the world, Lloyd's has had to watch closely the tactics of the enemy on and under the sea. Having taken on their shoulders the risks incidental to ocean trade, the underwriters of Lloyd's have had an anxious and arduous time since war started, for the risks of normal times are trifling compared with those they are called upon to bear in these days of submarine warfare by an unscrupulous enemy.

When I was at Lloyd's the other day I was able to see how the old placid routine has given

the detail work is done, and detail work at Lloyd's is necessarily tremendous. The policies have to be drawn up and signed; but so great has the pressure of such work become under war conditions that a special department has had to be set up to relieve the underwriters of this routine. Until it came into being, the congestion was serious.

I need not say that since the war all the normal rates for insuring ships and their cargoes have disappeared. There are many members of Lloyd's who do not take up "war risk" business at all, and this doubles the work of the brokers, who have first to get the ordinary marine risks covered and then must fix up the war risks with other underwriters.

### DELAYED TOO LONG.

For many reasons insurance has usually to be left until the last moment, and then everything has to be done at fever heat. One reason for this is that dates of sailing are now so uncertain. Indeed, so late are some insurances left that many instances have occurred since the war where the covering of risks to ships and cargoes was not completed at the time they

## "PORTERS OF THE SEA."

### LIVES OF THE BRAVE MEN IN OUR MERCHANT SERVICE.

#### THE WAY WE WELCOME THEM.

WE have just returned from a long journey—part of it spent in carrying munitions of war.

On our arrival at the station for a few days' leave, the first welcome we get is from some soldiers standing about—"Why aren't you in the Army?"

We have both twice offered ourselves for the Army and both been put back to our own occupations, which involve danger and are of great use to the country.

Yet on our few days' leave we are always being taunted by people at home. F. A. B.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN makes a misstatement in asserting that, despite the additional labour and anxiety to which they are subjected, the pay of our merchant officers has remained "almost stationary." This is totally wrong. Whilst, naturally, we would all like to see even higher rates of pay, we, nevertheless, have some satisfaction in knowing that, with few exceptions, it has risen by something like 33 per cent. since the war began. I am sorry that this has not been secured in the case of the captains of our merchant ships also. But I am continually hearing of cases where they are dealt with specially and privately by their owners, and receive substantial cheques and allowances, by way of bonuses, in appreciation of services rendered.

As to Mr. Vivian's statement that a captain is "ever ready for a carouse on shore," all I can say is that it is a well-known fact that, amongst professions, it can claim to be the most sober.

To take a case in point, during the whole of last year there was only one case of a member of the guild whose certificate was suspended on account of over-indulgence in liquor.

T. W. MOORE  
(Hon. Lt., R.N.R.),  
Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

### BEGGARS IN WAR TIME.

"W. M." seems only to have met one beggar since the war began. I have met several.

I do not think that the type of whining beggar will ever die out even if there were big fortunes supplied free by the Government to all. L. Kensington-mansions, S.W.

### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 14.—This is a busy time in the kitchen garden. Surface the mint bed with a little rich soil as many of the roots lie on the top of the ground. Cauliflower plants may now be put out in good soil. More peas and beans should be sown, and a good sowing of carrots now, when the ground is in a powdery condition.

All kinds of potatoes may be planted now with every hope of success; take care not to overcrowd them. Make a sowing of winter greens, autumn cauliflowers and savoy.

E. F. T.

## MARRIAGE AND OLD AGE: A CONUNDRUM.



It seems you can live to be a centenarian if you're married. Also you can live to be a hundred if you're single. Whence it seems to follow marriage doesn't much influence the length of a man's life, in spite of the opinions of the aged.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

place to scurry and excitement. Everyone is working at high pressure. Long queues of brokers and their clerks are waiting their turn at the tables of the underwriters who accept war risks.

Long ago the underwriters used to sit here, leisurely taking pinches of snuff from the boxes that were a sine qua non. To-day, with a hustling crowd feverishly eager to have their insurance slips endorsed, the underwriter has scarcely breathing time. How he keeps his head amid the turmoil is a marvel to the layman.

Each underwriter will initial these slips with the amount of risk he is prepared to accept, and the number of names will vary according to the extent of the insurance.

For a cargo of only a few thousands' value five or six names will cover it, but when much larger sums—perhaps a quarter of a million or more—need insuring, a broker may have to go all round "the Room" before the full amount is taken up and signed for.

And when the slips are initialled, only part of

were the victims of German mines or submarines.

But the underwriters of Lloyd's are not people to quibble over claims. Their record of prompt and generous settlement is a remarkable one. It is a matter of honour with a Lloyd's man to stretch a point, and even to pay on what is known to be a fraudulent claim sooner than the fair fame of the old institution should be dragged through the courts.

But insurance is only one side of Lloyd's activities, and the recording of shipping movements, the indices of captains' voyages, the registers of vessels and their owners are among their detail and their accuracy. They are kept absolutely up to date, day by day—even hour by hour.

As the busy throng in "the Room" moves round, many a glance is given to the latest movements of the world's mercantile marine and the lists of vessels that have safely run the gauntlet of submarine or mine, that are posted on the walls. In a part of "the Room" known

as the "Chamber of Horrors" are announced the daily losses at sea.

Since the war made shipping more hazardous a new feature has appeared—the huge volume in which is recorded particulars of all the captures, seizures and war losses every day.

Just as I was leaving the famous old "Lutine" bell was sounded by "the Room" ceased. There was absolute silence while the loss of a vessel was gravely announced in sonorous tones. Then the babel of tongues and the bustling routine of business was resumed.

Lloyd's in war time is a revelation to the outsider.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If we would amend the world, we should mend ourselves and teach our children what they should be. Thus shall we make the first necessary step.—William Penn.



# MR. ASQUITH VISITS A BATTLEFIELD.



Explaining the various phases of a battle to Mr. Asquith. The Premier was accompanied by Mr. Bonham-Carter, his secretary and son-in-law, who is seen holding a camera.

## THEIR SAVIOUR: LAMBS BURIED IN THE SNOW.



Farmers suffered heavy losses during the recent severe weather. These lambs were rescued from death, but only just in time. They were in a pitiful state when found.

## TELEPHONE "OUT OF ORDER."



Signal service men searching for a break in a telephone wire which has been caused by shrapnel. They are working under fire.

## "AURORA."



Miss Maidie Andrews, who will appear as Aurora in the new Alhambra revue. She was until recently playing the part of Jane in No. 1 Company of "To-night's the Night."

# A MAJOR'S SUICIDE



Major Lennard Matteson, who was found shot in his rooms Jermyn-street. A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned at the inquest yesterday.

## A NEW D.S.O.



Lieut.-Colonel Albemarle Cator Annesley, who has been awarded the D.S.O. He has been wounded.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## CHEAP MEALS FOR THE POOR IN BERLIN.



Crowd round a "cook wagon" which is run by a philanthropic society in Berlin. A hot lunch can be obtained for 3d., and hundreds of poor people, who are feeling the pinch of war, besiege it every day.



# OUR INNOCENT U LAMBS": GERMAN LIES ABOUT THE SUSSEX.

*6349. Ret. 255.*

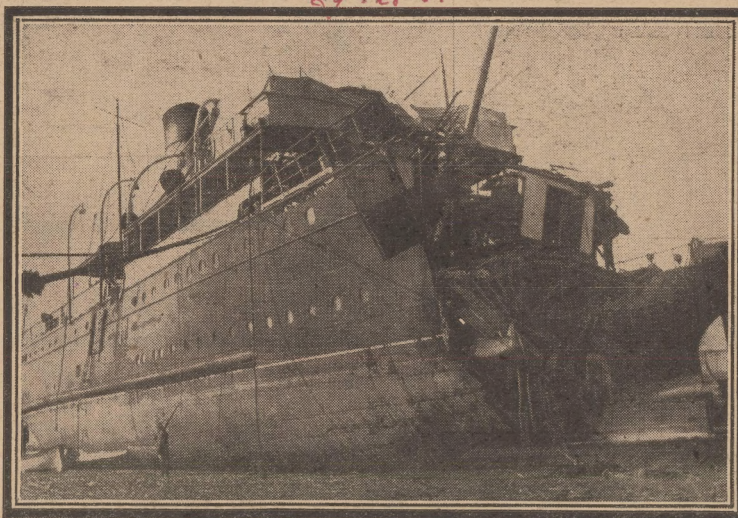


Where a number of those on board the vessel were drowned: boats from the stricken steamer which returned to her when it was found that she would remain afloat.

## UNDERSTUDY.



Gertrude Peake, who is taking Miss Gerard's part in "Bric-a-Brac" at the Palace Theatre this week. Next week will take Miss Gertrude Millar's place.



The Sussex beached. Her bows were cut clean off by the explosion.

America has been thoroughly aroused by the attack on the cross-Channel steamer Sussex. The Germans, with supreme effrontery, deny that they are guilty of the outrage in their reply to President Wilson, but the French Government is in a position to give both the number of the U boat and the name of its commander.—(By courtesy of the *Illustrated London News*.)

## IT ALL ENDS IN SMOKE.



Firing a mine by gunfire from an armed British ship "somewhere in the North Sea." One of the many dangers to shipping has thus been removed.

## "WHICH ONE SHALL I TAKE?"



Selecting a Hun helmet from the flotsam and jetsam collected from a battlefield. These emblems of Kultur are highly prized.—(French War Office photograph.)

## FRENCH VISITORS AT GLASGOW.



The Marquis of Graham welcomes our French visitors at Dalmuir. The party, which consists of deputies and senators, were greatly interested in all they saw on the Clyde.



**1 per lb**

**BRITO**

**BRITO MARGARINE**

**BEST & BRITISH MADE**

Buy nothing abroad that can be made at home.

In other words,  
DON'T BUY FOREIGN MARGARINE.

The finest in flavour and the best value. Every time you buy it you have the satisfaction of knowing you are upholding Brit's Credit and British Trade.

Sold at Harrods, Army & Navy Auxiliary, Junior Army & Navy, Whiteleys, and High-class Grocers everywhere.

## Instant Relief for Sick Headache,

**Biliousness, Flatulence and Liver.**

**The Great Natural Regulator That Is Gentle and Persuasive.**

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is so called because it is so quick to relieve sick headache, stomach pains, windy spasms, and that feeling of nausea which generally accompanies liver trouble. It is not cathartic or purgative. Its action, which is always gentle, resembles that of the natural laxatives of the body; it restores tone and strength to the entire alimentary tract, and thus enables the system to cure itself of liver troubles and constipation, the root causes of sick headache and of all similar ills.

Take Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief for constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache, dizziness, specks before the eyes, gas in the stomach and bowels, impure blood, and that dull, heavy feeling which is a sure indication of liver-troubles.

Ask your chemist for Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief and take no substitute.

**Prices 1/- and 3/- from all Chemists and Stores.**

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is the companion preparation to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

**Dr. Cassell's**

# Instant Relief

Prepared from  
**LIVER TONICS  
ANTACIDS  
CARMINATIVES  
LAXATIVES**

**FREE  
SAMPLE**

You can have a free sample of Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief by sending 2 penny stamps for postage and packing to Dept. 61, Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief Co., 118, Chester Road, Manchester.

# PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(Medium Strength)

## Pure Virginia Tobacco.



For wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices.

TERMS ON APPLICATION TO  
**JOHN PLAYER AND SONS,  
NOTTINGHAM.**

**10 for 3 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> d.**  
**50 for 1/5**





Rosalie.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE**, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

**REV. HUGH GRIEVE**, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

**ALAN WYNNIE**, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

**LUCIEN BANKS**, a waster who has obtained money from Grieve by false pretences.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE greatest boon granted by kindly Nature to healthy youth is that of the inability long to look on the black side of things.

A week in Buckinghamshire, as the guest of William Bannerman, put new manhood into Hugh Grieve. Bannerman excelled as a host, but in this instance he constituted himself medical adviser as well, and he ruled Hugh's days with a rod of iron.

When he had found that Hugh Grieve was bent on leaving home for a time he did not try to divert him from his purpose, but insisted instead that now was the opportunity for his long-promised visit. In his pleasant home among the Chiltern Hills he was able to keep watch and ward over Hugh, to occupy his hours so fully that he had scarce time to think of the plight in which he found himself.

Bannerman had shrewdly guessed that all was not well between Hugh and Rosalie, and he bided his time to receive Hugh's confidence. That came at last, and again Bannerman's optimism gave Hugh fresh hope and courage.

"It's always the way!" Bannerman cried. "Your case is not in the least exceptional. A man and his wife have more rows the first year they are married than all the rest of the years put together. All nice girls want their own way. All healthy men want theirs. There's bound to be a row or two until things settle down."

"And then, of course, you're jealous. I don't blame you. But don't tell me that yarn about your wife and this fellow Wynne again, for I don't believe it. What's more, you don't believe it yourself, now, do you?"

"But there was the letter!" urged Hugh. "Pook! That's nothing to go by. (And I don't wonder at it), and she very wisely thought the best thing she could do was to clear out for a bit—just as you, my friend, have cleared out now. An opportunity of going to the Paris she loves presented itself, and she snatched at it."

"Foolish! I don't know so much about that. Perhaps it would have been better if she had gone. However, here you are, and what you've got to do is to recover your capacity for looking at things in a sane fashion. Until then I'm not going to let you go back to Northbury Park. Nor am I going to let Mrs. Grieve know where you are, or she'll be out here to claim you before the cure is effected. You've got to obey orders. The orders for to-day are that you help me to get in my dahlias. We'll make a start now."

When ten days had passed Hugh Grieve began to show signs of restiveness. He was no longer complaisant and docile. He was recovering the energy that had been driven out of him by worry. But it was increasingly difficult for Bannerman to get his friend to work off this energy in the cultivation of his garden.

Hugh was beginning to fret at his work. More and more often he referred to the imbrolio caused by the trickery of Lucien Banks. He was eager now to face whatever was in store for him.

One evening, after Bannerman had paid one of his infrequent visits to his office, he himself opened the subject. Dinner was over, and in the dusk they were strolling round the garden in which the first roses of the season were opening their fragrant blooms.

"About this Lucien Banks business," he began.

Hugh stopped, and turned quickly upon his companion. "Has the time arrived, then, to tackle that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Very nearly. I had a call to-day from a representative of the Public Prosecutor's Office. 'Ah!' Hugh drew in a long breath. 'Do you mean they're going to make a criminal charge of it?'"

"Nothing is settled yet. Our interview to-day was perfectly friendly. I put all our cards on the table in the most open manner possible. It is agreed that if we could get a hold of Lucien you might never be brought into this at all."

"There's no news of Lucien, I suppose?"

"Yes, there is. . . . Just look at that Gustav Regis bud. Can you see it in this light? Perfect. . . . Lucien Banks is in Paris."

"In Paris?"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

# ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.  
By MARK  
ALLERTON

"Yes—having the time of his life, they tell me."

"How did you find out he was in Paris?"

"Through Mr. Wynne. You've got some good friends and willing helpers, Grieve. Wynne is one of them. Bettison is another."

"Explain, please."

"These two have been making inquiries about Banks in all directions. Wynne was lucky, and got word that Banks is in Paris. Bettison has gone there to use what influence he can over Lucien. It's awfully good of him, Grieve."

Hugh was silent. He was blaming himself for the way in which he had misjudged Rosalie's friends.

"Has Wynne gone to Paris, too?" he asked, at length.

"I don't know. I suppose so. You may as well know, Grieve, that everything will depend on their success with Lucien. If he won't face the music of his own free will there's no power in law to force him to. 'This is our last chance.'"

"I see. . . . Don't you think that if I went to Paris myself. . . ."

"Absolutely worse than useless, I'm certain of that!" cried Bannerman. "If he had been likely to be influenced by you he'd have replied to your letters at least. But he may listen to a third party. My brother knows Bettison, and thinks highly of him. Better leave things to Bettison, and let's hope for the best."

"And if he fails?"

"I'm coming to that. If he fails we shall raise an action against Lucien for fraudulent misrepresentation. He won't appear; that will allow judgment to go against him."

"What good will that do?"

"It will clear you of the imputation of fraud. That's all the good it will do. Then you'll have to pay up. You'd better go bankrupt first."

"What a hideous mess it is!"

"Quite true. I fancy you'll have to leave Northbury Park."

"Northbury Park will see to that," said Hugh grimly.

"Still, Mrs. Grieve doesn't like Northbury Park, does she? You'll be happier somewhere else."

"It means defeat. A section of Northbury Park has fought me ever since I went there. That section will be able to congratulate itself on victory."

"Let it! What on earth does that matter? You mustn't pity yourself over much, Grieve. Don't forget, all this is your own fault. If you ever again sign anything more important than a friendly letter without first asking me I'll have you put under restraint."

Grieve laughed shortly. "I've had my lesson," he said.

"If you are quite sure about that," said Bannerman, "then I raise no objections to your going back to the vicarage to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. I reckon that Mrs. Grieve will also have learnt her lesson by this time. Bettison tells me she's worrying about you, Hugh."

The two men walked the length of a garden path in silence. A solitary bird piped a dolorous note in the dark branches of a tree. The silver crescent of the moon rose from behind a cloud. Its light fell on Hugh's face, alight with a new eagerness. He came to a sudden halt.

"Could I get a train to-night?" he demanded.

Bannerman chuckled.

"Not to-night," he said. "But I'll drive you myself to the station early to-morrow. Grieve—this holiday has done you a world of good. . . ."

## "THIS IS THE END."

A RIOT of conflicting emotions possessed Hugh Grieve as he journeyed back to London next morning. He was on fire to see Rosalie again. Yet, the thought of their meeting made him afraid. How would she welcome him after his unceremonious flight? He had no longer any thought of reproaching her because of her intention of leaving him as he had left her. Instead, he was consumed by a sense of his own folly.

Looking back on what had happened he could find no grounds for his quarrel save his own crass intolerance. That filled him with shame. He could find, and wanted to find, no excuse for it. All that he longed for was that Rosalie should accept his penitence and allow him to begin again.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.



Miss Mary Penelope Noel, daughter of Admiral Noel, to marry Lieutenant George H. Atkinson, the explorer.



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, whose husband has just been wounded, and her little son Richard. (Val L'Estrange.)

He knew that the supplication he had to make to her was no easy one. He was coming to her now, a man under a cloud, to ask of her to come with him into the shadows, to share his ignominy, to be at his side when the force of the attack was heaviest.

His heart told him that he would not ask this aid in vain. His powers of reasoning combated the dictates of his heart and made him ask himself: "Why should Rosalie do this? My own love, my own sympathy, my own understanding—all these have failed her. Why should I look to her not to fail me?"

He made many a vow ere he reached London. He vowed that, whatever the future might hold for him, he would never fail Rosalie again. He would not ask her to put her life in his keeping—he felt unworthy of the trust—but he would ask her to take his and to do with it as she willed.

He remembered now only her gracious sweetness, her girlish enthusiasm which too often he had repressed. He had been as a blight upon her life, robbing it of its freshness and spontaneity.

"If only she will give me another chance!" was his prayer.

In his anxiety to be reunited to Rosalie he forgot his material worries. These seemed not to matter so long as mutual love and trust came to them again. He wondered once if he were untrue to his ideals because Rosalie seemed to matter him now more even than his work as a clerk.

It was with something akin to a shock that he realised that he could more easily abandon the work he had set himself to accomplish than he could give up the task of winning Rosalie back.

From Marylebone Station he drove to Northbury Park. It was a long drive, but no tube or omnibus was quick enough for Hugh that morning. The sun blazed in a cloudless sky. The trees of Northbury Park were in their freshest and greenest garb. In the two big elms beside St. Luke's the rooks cawed. In his mood every sound seemed a welcome to Hugh.

He had his latchkey and he let himself into the vicarage. At the very threshold he was struck by a sense of the emptiness and desolation of the house. There was a strange untidiness about the hall, an indefinite something that filled him with alarm. . . . He rang a bell.

He had to wait a long time before his summons was answered. During that interval of waiting all that he had feared conquered all that he had hoped for.

"Where is your mistress?"

"She's not here, sir."

"When will she be back?"

"I don't know, sir."

The drooping eyes of the housemaid conveyed a meaning unmistakable to Hugh. He dared ask no more. He did not dare ask when Rosalie had gone away, or where. He mumbled something, dismissing the servant, and went to his room.

He looked for a letter. Something told him that Rosalie had gone away. There was a pile of letters on his desk. A quick glance through it showed him that there was none from Rosalie. The dead flowers on the table told him that Rosalie had been gone for days.

Dully he glanced at the envelopes that awaited him. One was registered. This he opened, in a kind of coma.

"Dear sir," he read, "a meeting of parishioners has been called for the evening of Wednesday, the 31st, to consider your position with regard to the Land Company with which you are identified and its effect on the parish of St. Luke's. We are advised to let you know by registered letter that this meeting will be held in the small hall of St. Luke's at 8.30 on the date above mentioned.—Yours faithfully . . ."

Here followed the signatures of Mr. Moss and of Mr. Tewson-Tewson.

Hugh Grieve glanced at the calendar that hung on the wall.

"That's to-morrow night," he said. "Well, the sooner the better."

He sat down heavily, a man broken in heart and spirit. He had built such high hopes on this home-coming. In his expectation of winning Rosalie again he had almost forgotten the ruin that stalked him. And now Rosalie was gone and nothing seemed to matter. He wondered if she had been of the impending catastrophe and had left him to meet it alone.

"Perhaps it's as well," he muttered wearily. "I can't ask her to come back now. . . . This is the end."

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

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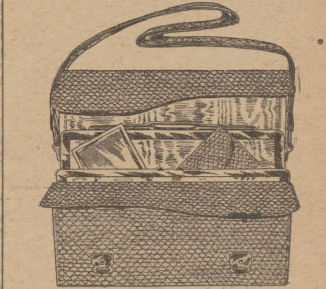
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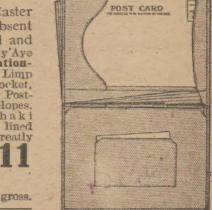
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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## A Spring Day.

YESTERDAY—I have it on the authority of a very eminent meteorologist—was a typical spring day. I was sceptical because at the moment I met him I had just experienced sunshine, rain, snow and sunshine again all in the course of three minutes. North-west winds with occasional snow showers, said the man of weather, are most typical of our British spring climate. I bowed to superior knowledge and expressed a wish that this spring might prove an exception.

## Hire Purchase.

"Pigs and fowls on the hire purchase system" sounds curious, I know; nevertheless, the cottagers on Lord Onslow's estate near Guildford are now able to buy their stock in this way, thanks to the practical mind of Lady Onslow. I know the district in Surrey where Lord Onslow's beneficent rule holds sway; it is full of pretty cottages kept in the best of repair, and when alterations and rebuilding are necessary they are done in a way not to offend the landscape. Would there were more Lord Onslows in our country-side.

## "K. J.'s" Dinner.

The Independent candidate for Wimbledon isn't having much spare time just now. I happened to be in a Strand restaurant the other night at about a quarter-past seven. Five minutes afterwards Mr. Kennedy Jones entered. Ten minutes later he left. In the meantime he had had his "dinner," which consisted of—two sandwiches. This is "hustling" with a vengeance.

## The Flying Candidate.

To-day the "Push and Go" candidate, as Mr. Kennedy Jones is being called, is going to address five meetings in various parts of the constituency. He appears to have the happy knack—like Sir Boyle Roche's bird—of being in two places at once. How he does it is a marvel.

## Easter Holidays.

I am going to disillusion you who imagine that the all-important problem of military service is monopolising the attention of our legislators. Peers and Commoners—and I have talked with many lately—are considering another problem. "The question is," as they say in the Commons, Where to go for Easter?

## Golden Harvests.

The places which promise to reap a splendid golden harvest this Easteride are, I hear, the south coast and inland watering places. Brighton will receive a particularly big share of legislators' patronage. So will fashionable Bath.

## The Speaker's Health.

The most distinguished visitor to the latter place will be the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Lowther is leaving to take the waters, but hopes to be back in town when the House reassembles after the recess.

## Many Anxieties.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowther have had a good many anxieties of late. Their two sons, Mr. Christopher Lowther and Mr. Arthur Lowther, were seriously wounded in the war. And then only a few days ago the Speaker lost a brother, Sir Gerard Lowther. Yet, with characteristic courage and self-sacrifice, he did not permit his personal bereavement to interfere with his duties in the Chair.

## The Speaker's Wife.

Mrs. Lowther is an ideal wife for the Speaker—clever, sympathetic and dignified. To her falls the duty of supervising doings in the

Ladies' Galleries, but that is a task which she must discharge unknown except to the few. Moreover, her personal cares are many, for though the Speaker is a fine sportsman and a particularly careful liver, he has inherited gout and requires a good deal of attention.

## Mr. Manhattan intervenes.

I was told yesterday of an unusual incident—not without a touch of pathos—that took place at the Prince of Wales' Theatre the other night. A young man in evening dress had become rather rowdy in a box, and the audience, annoyed at the frequent interruptions, called for his removal. Whilst this was being done Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, who was on the stage at the time, intervened.

## He Was a Soldier.

"Don't be hard on him," he said. "You do not know what he may have been up against in the trenches. This may be his last night on leave." As an afterthought he added, "Nothing these fellows do can be wrong." He was right, and before leaving the house the soldier thanked him and told him he was returning to France the next morning.

## Tennis for Statesmen.

In spite of war stress neither Mr. Bonar Law nor Mr. Balfour is going to neglect physical exercise to keep himself fit in the coming months. Both, I hear, are to play tennis pretty often. At a well-known sports provider's in the West End I was told that the First Lord of the Admiralty had already been in to select a racquet.

## The River.

The coming season, I hear, is going to be the "greatest ever" on the river. The few sunny days we've had have given some forecast of what is to come later. Khaki home from the front will be the excuse for plenty of Thames-side jollity, and the wounded "Tommy" isn't going to be forgotten. The river clubs and resorts are making tremendous preparations for a cheery time.

## George Meredith's Daughter-in-Law.

Music-lovers will have an opportunity this afternoon of hearing Mrs. Margaret Meredith's "Sacramentum Supremum" at the Kingsway Hall at the "in-aid-of" concert for



Mrs. Margaret Meredith.

the Serbian prisoners of war. Mrs. Meredith is a daughter-in-law of the late George Meredith and a composer of recognised merit. At her country home in Hampshire she is a keen devotee of lawn tennis.

## Lady Glenconner, F.R.S.L.

Did you know that Lady Glenconner, who from now onwards is a lady Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, had written a most charming book on art? Some little time ago, when I went to see the beautiful pictures at the Tennant private gallery in Queen Anne's-gate, I was impressed with an exquisite little booklet placed in my hands describing them. "Who wrote this?" I asked. "Her ladyship," was the reply.

## King of Lithuania?

Very nearly a dozen people in the past day or so have told me "on the best authority" that the Kaiser had Prince Oscar crowned King of Lithuania on April 2 at Vilna, the capital of the ancient kingdom which was merged into the Poland of the Middle Ages. But I still have my doubts. I remember those Russian troops that passed through England.

## Small Girls in Boys' Attire.

Children's tailors and dressmakers tell me there is a perfect mania among tiny girls at the moment to be dressed as boys. They want to wear knickerbockers instead of skirts, and reefer or Norfolk jackets. Parents who are taking their small daughters to the seaside and country for the holidays have gladdened their hearts by ordering them suits like their brothers.

## No Record.

So "Toto" is not to create a record by being the first musical comedy to be produced at a matinee. Mr. Mark Blow tells me that it is to make its—or should I say her?—bow to London on Wednesday evening next, not afternoon as was originally intended.

## Trench Periodicals.

The King, I hear, is immensely pleased with the various papers and magazines which "Tommy's" are producing with so much humour and facility. His Majesty makes a point of insisting that he receive all of them. Their elemental fun, no doubt, helps him to understand and appreciate the spirit of his splendid fighting men.

## Not Like Her Name.

The charming photograph you see here is of Archie Alban, Miss Archie Alban, I



Miss Archie Alban.

hasten to add, for, despite the masculine Christian name, its bearer is a very feminine and attractive person. You have probably seen her in "A Kiss for Cinderella" at Wyndham's. Masculine names for pretty actresses seem to be getting very popular.

## Toys and the Stage.

Mr. Herbert Jay, I hear, has taken over the Kingsway Theatre from Miss Lena Ashwell, but I believe does not actually enter into possession until August. Apropos of this, I also hear rumours of a new play of the "mystic" order, which is to be produced in London before very long, the chief rôle to be filled by a breezy comedian who has been likened to Weedon Grossmith. Look out for something unusually novel in the toy line, for the play will create an attractive new model for the toymakers.

## Three Bouquets.

When Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra and Princess Mary arrived at Drury Lane yesterday afternoon to attend Miss Olga Nethersole's matinee in aid of the national appeal by the Y.W.C.A., they were presented with three bouquets. Princess Mary was delighted with her carnations.

## "Shakespeare's Legacy."

Amongst the audience I noticed King Manoel, who seemed vastly entertained by Sir James Barrie's new sketch, "Shakespeare's Legacy." I did not understand this myself a little bit, but that does not matter. Sir James Barrie was present behind the curtains of a box.

## Comic Singing.

Prince Henry and Prince George were also in the royal box. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy the wonderful programme, but I think they liked the comic singing of Mr. George Robey best of all.

## "Searchlight" Plumes.

I noticed Lady Mainwaring in the audience wearing a really wonderful hat with "searchlight" plumes. It was Lady Mainwaring who started the fashion of wearing ribbons under the hat around the hair.

## A Bohemian Book.

All theatrical and Bohemian London is already talking about Mr. H. G. Hibbert's book, "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life." The book is a classic in its way, beautifully written, with insight, sympathy, knowledge and humour. The music-hall chapters take us back to the days of Leybourne and Vance and Arthur Lloyd and Jennie Hill.

## Crowded Pages.

There are anecdotes and intimate glimpses of practically everybody who has been anybody in Bohemia during the past fifty years. Toole and Irving fit across the pages with all the other celebrities of their time. But the book is not purely theatrical.

Mr. H. G. Hibbert.

THE RAMBLER.

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relieves the pain of  
**Sprains, Bruises,  
Rheumatism, Chest  
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No matter what causes your pain, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment laid on the affected part will stop it instantly. No rubbing is necessary—Sloan's Liniment goes right to the seat of the trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, and the pain is felt no more.



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Mr. J. B. Riley, Kilmaclean, Co. Waterford, writes:—"For at least three weeks I suffered terribly from a pain in the small of my back, and tried various remedies but of no avail. I was beginning to get quite hopeless when I saw your advertisement of Sloan's Liniment. Thanks to your wonderful remedy after two applications I was completely cured."

Hundreds of people have given their testimony to the wonderful relieving power of Sloan's. If you have never tried it get a bottle today from any chemist, 1/11 or 2/3.

Cheese is better than meat,  
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The best cheese for every-  
one is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese

IT BENEFITS HEALTH AND  
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## PREVENT RELAPSES OF INFLUENZA.

This is the time of year when those who have had influenza are suffering from the condition in which the disease invariably leaves its victims.

Influenza leaves the blood thin, and this anaemia which follows influenza is very stubborn in resisting treatment. It must be corrected, however, before any cure can be considered permanent. As long as the blood remains thin there will continue the relapses with which most sufferers from influenza are familiar. Warmth and quiet alone give comfort, and these not for long at a time. Sleep is restless and does not refresh the nerves, which are always at high tension.

The best way to correct this after-effect of influenza is to build up the blood, and there is no better blood builder than the well-known Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

As soon as the new revitalised blood courses through the system you are aware of its soothing influence. Gradually the colour returns to the pale cheeks, appetite and digestion improve and you are on the road to health. You will do well, therefore, to begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at once; obtain a supply from any dealer and ask for Dr. Williams'.

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# That Coming Invasion: By Mr. Bottomley, in "Sunday Pictorial"

## TWO QUEENS AT THE "LANE" WAR MATINEE.



Queen Alexandra.



Queen Mary.

Both Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra were present yesterday at the matinee at Drury Lane which was organised by Miss Olga Nethersole to provide hostels, canteens and rest-rooms for munition and other women war workers.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## A BAD SHOT? TORPEDO ADRIFT.



The weapon is seen being hoisted on board a British ship in the North Sea. They are sometimes found drifting aimlessly about.

## "TRAIN UP A CHILD."



Baby's rattle, in the form of an air bomb, with "Gott Strafe England" on it. It amuses little Huns.

# Daily Mirror

## TO BE DECORATED TO-DAY.

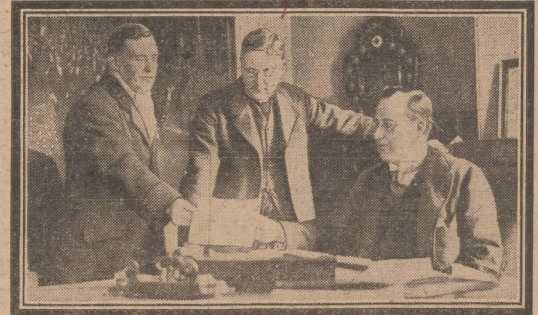


Lieutenant Russell (Military Cross). He enlisted as a private in the London Rifle Brigade and won his commission on the field.—(Russell.)



Commander A. S. Littlejohns, a new C.M.G. He commanded armoured trains in France and Flanders, and has been twice mentioned in dispatches.—(Savine.)

## THE BATTLE OF WIMBLEDON.



Mr. Kennedy Jones (Independent) handing in his nomination papers.



Sir Stuart Coats (x) and Lady Coats outside the Town Hall.

Nominations took place at Wimbledon yesterday. Sir Stuart Coats, the Government candidate, is reading the announcement of his opponent's nomination.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## SURVEYING THE LAND: 48,000 ACRES UNDER FLOOD.



The district surveyor of Downham Market works under difficulties these days, with 48,000 acres under flood. He motors daily through the lakes to carry out his duties.